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(50 cents) to that of 3000 rupiahs ($1500).* Pigs are usually estimated in terms of moko values. Thus a pig (*fe*) is called a Piki fe, meaning it is worth a Piki moko, or in East Indies currency, about 5 rupiahs ($2.50).

Currency is invested in three primary directions: first, the purchase of a wife, which is not a single negotiation but a series of extremely complex familial exchanges that last as long as the marriage itself; second, a series of burial feasts that may drag on for a generation or two before the series is completed; third, the building of the lineage houses, entailing financial elaborations that may take several years and delay the completion of the dwelling far beyond the actual building time.

There are many kinds of smaller investments in which flesh food such as pigs and goats is used; most frequently chickens suffice. Such outlays are made as sacrifices on several occasions: when the village guardian spirit (*ulensi*) is snared and dragged into the carving erected for it; when any one of a whole host of personal familiars is placated;

* These mokos are shaped like hourglasses. Actually, *moko* is not the Alorese word but the most widely used Malay term. The mokos are not of local manufacture; they were formerly imported from Java by Makassarese traders who exchanged them for goods. Since importation of the drums stopped half a century ago, the supply is no longer adequate and their value is rising. A government census taken some twenty years ago reported the presence of twenty thousand mokos throughout the island.

The natives have assigned to each of the various categories of mokos a value in rupiahs, the monetary unit of the Netherlands East Indies. For readers who may be interested in estimating the worth of the mokos named in this book, a list of the categories and their assigned values is given here. Rupiahs were maintained at the same exchange rates as Holland guilders (florins). The currency values when given in dollars have been translated at the rate of two rupiahs to a dollar. Monetary values for mokos became stabilized in the early 1920's, when money was about twice as cheap as it was in 1938. Therefore, to get the cash price of a moko in 1938 it would be necessary to halve the listed worth.

Mokos	*Rupiahs*	*Dollars*	*Mokos*	*Rupiahs*	*Dollars*
Lasingtafa	1	.50	Kolmalu	13	6.50
Salaka	2	1.00	Hawataka	15	7.50
Fatafa	2 1/2	1.25	Yeksasing	25	12.50
Kabali	3	1.50	Fehawa	30	15.00
Piki	5	2.50	Aimala	65	32.50
Tawantana	5	2.50	Afuipe	70	35.00
Hiekbui	6	3.00	Makassar	130 and up	
Tamamia	8	4.00	Djawa	500 and up	
Maningmauk	10	5.00	Itkira	1000 and up	

This list is incomplete, and from the Kolmalu on, the values are only approximate. There are many subdivisions of these higher bracket categories and considerable variation in prices given by informants. The sequence of relative values, however, is accurate.

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matter-of-fact rather than punishing—unless, of course, the child rebels at this experience, has a tantrum, and annoys the parent. Bathing, however, does not occur very frequently in most households, certainly not more often than every two or three days.

[64] In addition to normal discomforts, yaws, which are so prevalent in childhood, may present an aggravating factor that makes a bath a painful experience. In the early stage of the disease the body, including often the lips and the genitals, may be covered with lesions, which smart acutely in contact with water. Children with yaws will scream [152] with pain and rage when they are bathed. However, since all sorts of infections may set in and since there is a pussy discharge from the lesions, parents usually feel it necessary to keep the child clean. To make matters worse, in recent years some parents have been buying from [139] Chinese traders on the coast a caustic powder, which they apply to the wounds to dry them. There can be no doubt that the application of this medicine causes extreme pain, and since it is put on after bathing, there must be in the minds of many children an association between baths and the intense pain inflicted by the mothers.

152 Fuifani, a little girl of about five, was a case in point. For weeks she 855 had been having rages of hysterical intensity in connection with baths 865 and the caustic treatment of her yaws. The attacks would set in before the mother began to wash her and continued often for twenty minutes, by actual timing, after the bath. They usually subsided only when she was in a state of complete physical exhaustion. During the rages she would scream, strike at her mother, and jump up and down. After the bath she would refuse to allow her mother to comfort her. Strangely enough she made no effort to run away, perhaps because she realized the futility of doing so.

855 Some weeks later the doctor from the coast visited the mountains, 865 and Fuifani was given an injection that healed her wounds within about seven days. However, the tantrums associated with bathing continued for weeks after her sores were healed. On one occasion she raged half an hour after the end of the bath. Her mother held her while a man poured the water on her as though it were all a fine game. When the child was clean, the mother put her to dry on the verandah of a guesthouse, where she rolled about screaming, kicking, striking out, and banging her head on the floor. Another man passed by and threatened to pour more water on her if she didn't stop, a threat that had no effect and which he did not carry out.

865 Another child, who had been calmer about his bath, was brought up to shame Fuifani into silence. This too had no effect. Her small brother

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000 [162] The *Franconia* was due the next morning on its around-the-world cruise, and even Alor no longer seemed remote from the outside world. For all of its seventy thousand natives, there were only ten whites on the island that year. The other nine were Netherlands East Indies officials; as for me, I had come to live among the islanders for a year and a half in the somewhat anomalous position of an ethnographer. A bamboo-and-thatch house had been built for me up in a mountain village a day's journey from the coastal port of Kalabahi, where the Hollanders lived. Still, knowing that the *Franconia* was due in Kalabahi, I had set out at dawn, eager to see fellow countrymen and to speak English again after months of frustrating efforts in what passed for Dutch and Malay. 439 177 Most of the six hundred villagers went down to the coast with me. The large ship, the crowds of strange whites and, above all, the exorbitant sums they were reputed to pay for everyday articles were tremendous drawing cards. Not that the Alorese had much use for Dutch money —they did need it to pay the government head tax and occasionally liked to spend it for some of the gaudy foreign goods on display in the Chinese shops, on their rare trips to the coast; but in their dealings amongst themselves they employed a quite different type of currency.

000 These mountain friends of mine need perhaps a word of explanation. When I had arrived in Alor some four months before, I thought that even the eighteen months I planned to stay would not be long enough to accustom me to them. Their singular ugliness, the long *areca*-bark hair cylinders perched on the men's woolly hair, the black skins and pentagonal faces, the dirt and odors, the thousand and one strange impressions of an unfamiliar life and people seemed stronger than their essential humanity. Already, however, those first impressions had gone and I saw only a group of vivid personalities whose social and individual problems were becoming as real and as commonplace as those of any American community of six hundred. That their village was called Atimelang instead of Middletown, that their names were the euphonious Maliseni, Kafelomai or Malelaka instead of

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000 the terse Tom, Dick and Harry, had long since been forgotten as trivialities. So, as I stood the next day on the little cement pier of Kalabahi and watched the tourists land, the contrast we presented had already faded. For me, their world and this one of Alor were already fused.

[illegible] The visitors drifted slowly through the small port of Kalabahi, staring at the *lego-lego* round dances specially staged for them, buying baskets and bows and arrows and bargaining eagerly for the expensive metal kettledrums called *mokos* which are the prized and noted currency of Alor. I felt in the group a sense of disappointment and ennui. Alor and its natives seemed wild and crude by comparison to the rich suavity and elaborate beauty of Bali, from which they had just come. Since I was the only person who spoke English with any ease, many of the travelers stopped to chat with me and to express their utter amazement that I should be there and find life not too strange. It seemed impossible to convey to the gentleman from New York who was so concerned about the stock market that he and my black friend Maliseni were brothers under the skin, that both were financiers juggling the complex credit systems of their two cultures, suffering the harassments of insecurity and searching for stability and success with the same weapons. That one used dollars for currency and the other dealt in pigs, gongs and mokos made, after all, but a slight difference. Both were essentially unconcerned with the immediacies of subsistence; both were consumed with worries about the prestige manipulation of finance. Before I press too far the similarities in general terms, it would be better to sketch how I had seen the economic wheels go round in the village of Atimelang.

512 At an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet even tropical nights can be cool. To unclad natives they seemed actually cold. So not until the six o'clock sunrise each morning, when the mist came drifting out of the valley, did smoke begin to sift through the pyramidal thatch roofs and the muted tap of corn-pounding indicate that breakfast was being prepared. As the sun rose higher and the dew began to dry, women climbed down the house ladders with their carrying bas-

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